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THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

There being no election by the people, the Senate will have to elect a Vice President, and the candidates are Francis Granger, John Tyler, and Richard M. Johnson. For the information of our readers, we give a sketch of the character of the Van Buren candidate, copied from the Louisville City Gazette, a paper published where Colonel Johnson is well known.

We have foreborne to speak of the Administration candidate for the Vice Presidency, as has been spoken of by the majority of our political friends. We have not been in the constant habit of directing public attention to the domestic relations. We have chosen, when we spoke of him at all, to speak rather of the public than the private man. Our silence on the subject of his domestic affairs, was produced by no conviction that the charges alleged against him were untrue. That they were true, was beyond question. But we thought that the public mind would become dulled by a constant repetition of those charges. We did not believe that such repetition would startle the people into a conviction of the demoralization which was gradually gaining a predominance over them, or induce them to believe such to be the case.

The time has now come when we should speak of him—of his character, public and private; and we shall "nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice." We are on the eve of an election, by far the more important since the organization of the government. Col. Johnson aspires to the second office in the nation's gift. Is he a proper person to endow with such a responsibility? Is his capacity tried, and has his mind been found of sufficient strength to grapple with the subjects, which in such a government as ours, constantly occur to the statesman, and require his serious consideration? Is his private reputation stainless & without reproach?

These are the questions which should be asked by every voter. Every freeman—every father of a family should question himself. We fear that our country has progressed in a steady adoption of men in power, too far to be arrested in its downward. We fear it has been too long to the dictation of one man to be advised now. And yet on so important an occasion, when an opportunity is at hand of preventing the wreck of every hope of freedom, we cannot constrain ourselves into silence. We are conscious that it is a duty we owe to our country and to ourselves, and we perform it under a fond hope that it may induce some of our countrymen who have not reflected—who are not so totally immersed in the waters of degradation, as to be lost to a sense of their own dignity and honor, to pause ere they cast their vote for Col. R. M. Johnson.

In this government, who are proper persons to endow with power and office? The man of strict and stern integrity—whose private as well as public life have proved him worthy of such confidence. The man of intellect, whose mind has been made the storehouse of thought—who has been taught to reflect—who has given proof of his capacity, and whose reputation and intellectual endowments are unquestioned. The man of moral worth, on whose escutcheon no stain of dishonor—on whose name no faint doubt rests—whose private history needs no curtain to conceal it from the public eye—who in the capacity of citizen upholds, not infringes the laws, which as a public officer he is sworn to sustain. Have we drawn the portrait of Col. Johnson? Does the character we have drawn, as qualified for office, suit him? We say distinctly, it does not.

He is not a man of strict and stern integrity. He has been charged with being a swindler—of defrauding banks of large sums, of still being indebted to them, and avoiding payment, although his revenue is known to be precisely. This charge has not been met—it has not been refuted—yet his truth has not been questioned. Against a man of strict and stern integrity no such charge would have been made; and if made, it would have been instantly silenced by an appeal to facts, and its falsehood exposed.

He is not a man of intellect. There is no train in his mind which could lift him above the level. In intellect he is a perfect democrat—no distinction there. He has never distinguished himself as a debater or a writer. The poverty of his ideas is alone conveyed with his ignorance of words to convey them. His mind is no empire of vast resources, on which he may draw at will, without fear of protest. It is a sterile waste—barren, lifeless—where ideas are engendered half formed, distorted anatomies, monsters in embryo, unnatural creations, which if they ever see light, soon perish of inanition. And here has he shown a want of integrity—after a fashion which his Magazine would have him impute to live on other men's brains. He has endeavored to swell himself into reputation as a writer. He is content to be considered the author of speeches and reports which he neither spoke nor wrote. He is content to be considered the successful hero who met the savage Tecumseh in single combat, and slew him, when he knows full well that Julius Caesar has as good a claim as he, to the honor of that mighty deed. His whole fame rests on this achievement. The Sunday mail report, and an annual speech on imprisonment for debt, manufactured by whom, heaven only knows. The infancy of which attaches to him another origin.

He didn't kill Tecumseh, hundreds of living witnesses can attest it. He had behaved gallantly, it is true, in leading a charge at the battle of the Thames, and he had been wounded. To cheer the desponding soldier, and for the sake of diversion, some of his companions started the jest that Johnson had killed the great Indian leader. It was a piece of pleasantry, and was long considered. It repeated it was taken up by the credulous as a matter of fact, and the report has gained strength by time and circulation. It is almost deemed heresy to doubt the propriety of crowning the Colonel with laurels for that gallant act; and he is nearly so persuaded himself. A man may report a story until he himself becomes almost convinced that he is relating the truth.

It is time to speak plainly and fairly on this subject.—There was no more credit due to

Col. Johnson for his gallantry at the battle of the Thames, than the other Kentuckians who as gallantly acquitted themselves. We would not have one laurel he acquired there, to wither.—He requires them all—for he has never gained any elsewhere. We respect the courage which could lead a charge, but we despise the coward which fears to tell "the truth—the whole truth."

What great national improvement, what statesmanlike speculation has ever originated with Col. Johnson? All the fingers of his thousand pensioners could not point to one. We do not believe he can comprehend the vast field, over which the mind of a statesman must range. Content with a spurious reputation—encircled with no domestic endearments which attach others to their homes—his mental energies unimpeded—his fancy unencumbered—his tastes groveling, he is not the man we would select for office or power.

He is not a man without reproach upon his private reputation. By some who cannot believe such a thing possible, the charge of his living in open concubinage with a negro, has been deemed a calumny. It is true—his friends here do not—dare not deny it. It has been charged, that the records will prove that to all intents and purposes of the law, he was married to her. She bore him children. She sat at the head of his board. Black, untutored, unskilled in the accomplishments in which a great mind might take pride, and which throws a charm over even the distressingly ugly, it has been a matter of surprise how she could have so fastened herself upon his affections. We have heard a distinguished citizen remark, who has filled many high stations, & always with ability, that the anxiety this gay Lothario evinced near the termination of each session of Congress, to return to the dalliance of his charming Cleopatra, had become a matter of merit to the members who were not so disgusted to enjoy so coarse a joke. It was a theme of conversation among the members travelling westward, that none appeared more anxious to return to their families, where carnal love awaited to greet them with a welcome, than did Col. Johnson to seek the embrace of his sausage-sliced Julia. The constancy and fervor of the Colonel's attachment, would certainly have been worthy of admiration, had they been bestowed upon a proper object. As it was, the law of the commonwealth affixed to his offence a heavy penalty, had the people of his neighbourhood the virtue and firmness to subject him to trial.

We observed that the Col. and his paramour had children. These grew up, and were educated—very well considering they were negroes. But the gallant Colonel did not stop here. He was not content with rearing them above their proper sphere to life, but he attempted to force them into society—in other words, to compel honest free white men to allow a social intercourse to spring up between his negro daughters and their wives and children.—He was rebuked at a baroque ground on the 4th of July—a day sacred to liberty. The citizens of Kentucky were not prepared for such degradation as that. They could not with their free-born children. This is a matter of history. It occurred but a few years since, and is fresh in the memory of hundreds who were present. We know it to be true.

Since that time, Col. Johnson married his negro daughters to white men, who degraded themselves for gold. In our laws the slave child goes with the mother—the Colonel's daughters were slaves—because he was white and free, it did not enlarge them—and the man who married them should be punished by the law. Of what use is the law if it be not administered? Does the power and patronage, which wealth gives to Col. Johnson, protect his sons-in-law from the penalties they have incurred by marrying slaves? Shame! the more powerful the offender, the more pernicious the example, and he should more certainly meet the merited punishment.

Some of Col. Johnson's friends have endeavored to gloss over this "grivous fault" as a youthful indiscretion.—But it will not do. The negro wench to whom years of dalliance had so endeared to him, died, we believe, in 1835 or 1833. Here was an opportunity for the Colonel to reform. Did he mend his ways? No. Long custom, or the natural degradation of a nation—his unnatural appetites had rendered negroes necessary to him. He has since that time, wasted in the careers and smiles of a mulatto—if we are not mistaken, the one that ran away with an Indian protector, a year ago.

We have seen that Col. Johnson is not a moral man, nor an intellectual man—that he is not endowed with the natural abilities which would qualify him for a statesman, nor the private virtues which would render him valuable as a citizen. He does not furnish an example to which fathers would like to direct their sons. Is he such a man as should be contrasted with the destinies of the republic? His whole life has been a cheat. His reputation is a cheat. His nomination by the humbug Convention at Baltimore, a cheat itself, was procured by chicanery. We have authority which may not be disputed, that it was contrived by art and cunning to make him the spontaneous call of the Hibernians. His very canvassing is all a cheat. He is even now endeavoring to deceive his political opponents into a belief that he is a "no-party man"—that he, who is the mere creature of party—who has no political existence but such as is given him by party, "never yielded to party feelings or party considerations." We warn our friends against such treachery. He is yoked to Van Buren. Their prospects are the same. They are put forward by the same men, and for the same purpose—to keep those in power who are fattening on the public treasure, and who to subvert their ends, would devote liberty to an endless exile from our land.

We have been plain in what we have said, we have been urged to it by a consciousness that it was a duty we owed our country, and we have told nothing but the truth. We have not expatiated on the facts, or garbled them in order to make out a stronger case. We hold Col. Johnson up to the public gaze as he has been, and is. We ask our countrymen if they are prepared to elevate him to a station which should be preserved to reward patriotism, intelligence and virtue, and not kept as a bribe for party services. If he should be elected, and the President should die, the Presidency would devolve on the Vice President elect. Are you prepared to place in the power of any contingency to fix Colonel Johnson in the seat which was granted by Washington? Are you prepared to see your President dandling a negro grand child on his knee, in the White

House. The time has been, when the fact of one's having the slightest taint of negro blood would exile him from society, and make men turn coldly from him, and women look upon him with disgust, and loathing, though all accomplished, intelligent, and of fine personal appearance. Have those times changed? We fear that pride of honest birth, is not so strong as it has been—that men are willing to exculpate now, what in more virtuous times they would have considered a crime.

MR. VAN BUREN'S VICE PRESIDENT.

As the people are gratified to learn every incident connected with the history of their illustrious man—a recent achievement of the celebrated Tecumseh killer will not be uninteresting. The Louisville Journal states on the authority of a letter from Georgetown, that Col. Johnson, returning recently in a somewhat ill humor from an electioneering tour, undertook to inflict personal chastisement on his negro wife, for some misdemeanor of which she had been guilty. Though the lady is the Colonel's slave as well as his wife, she was not pleased with this demonstration of authority—and the future first lady of the republic—the wife of Mr. Van Buren's Vice President took most incontinently to her heels. The husband followed. The wife redoubled her speed, and the race continued about a hundred yards—the competitors being within about two yards of each other all the way.—We hope that scenes of this description will not often occur in the Colonel's household at Washington. The Richmond Enquirer pledges itself, however, that the Colonel's family shall not be permitted to visit the metropolis.—Atlas.

From the Magnolia for 1837. THE CREOLE VILLAGE.

A Sketch from a Steamboat. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In travelling about our motley country, I am often reminded of Aristotle's account of the moon, in which the good palatin Astolphe found everything garnered up that had been lost on earth. So I am apt to imagine, that many things lost in the old world, are treasured up and perpetuated in the new; having been continued from generation to generation since the early days of the colonies. A European antiquary, therefore, curious in his researches after the ancient and almost obliterated customs and usages of his country, would do well to put himself upon the track of some early band of emigrants, follow them across the Atlantic, and rummage among their descendants on our shores.

In the phraseology of New England might be found many an old English provincial phrase, long since obsolete in the parent country; with some quaint relics of the round-heads; while Virginia cherishes peculiarities characteristic of the days of Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. In the same way the sturdy yeomanry of New Jersey and Pennsylvania keep up many while many an honest broad-bottomed custom, nearly extinct in venerable Holland, may be found flourishing in pristine vigor and luxuriance in some of the orthodox Dutch villages, still lingering on the banks of the Mohawk and the Hudson.

In no part of our country, however, are the customs and peculiarities, imported from the old world by the earlier settlers, kept up with more fidelity than in the little poverty stricken villages of Spanish and French origin, that border the banks of ancient Louisiana. Their population was generally made up of the descendants of those nations, married and interwoven together, and occasionally crossed with a slight dash of the Indian. The French character, however, floats on top, as from its buoyant qualities, it is sure to do, whenever it forms a particle, however small, of an intermixture.

In these serene and dilapidated villages, art and nature seem to stand still, and the world forgets to turn round. The revolutions that distract other parts of this matchable planet, reach not here, or pass over without leaving any trace. The inhabitants are deficient in that public spirit which extends its cares beyond its horizon, and imparts trouble and perplexity from all quarters in newspapers. In fact newspapers are almost unknown in these villages, and as French is the current language, the inhabitants have little community of opinion with their republican neighbors.—They retain, therefore, their old habits of passive obedience to the decrees of government, as though they still lived under the absolute sway of colonial commandants, instead of being part and parcel of the sovereign people, and having a voice in public legislation.

A few aged men who have grown gray on their hereditary acres, and are of the good old colonial stock, exert a kind of patriarchal sway; in all matters of public and private import, their opinions are considered oracular, and their word is law.

The inhabitants moreover, have none of that eagerness for gain, and rage for improvement which keep our people continually on the move, and our country towns in a state of transition. There the magic phrases, "town lots," "water privileges," "rail roads," and other comprehensive and soul-stirring words from the speculator's vocabulary, are never heard. The residents dwell in the same houses in which their forefathers dwelt, without thinking of enlarging or modernizing them, or pulling them down and turning them into granite stores. They suffer the trees under which they have been born, and have played in infancy to flourish undisturbed; though by cutting them down, they might open new streets, and put money in their pockets. In a word, the slightly droll, that great object of universal devotion throughout these peculiar villages; and unless some of the emigrants penetrate there, and erect banking-houses and other edifices, there is no knowing how long the inhabitants may remain in their present state of contented poverty.

In descending one of the great western rivers in a steamboat, I met with two worthies from one of these villages, who had been on a distant excursion, the longest they had ever made, as they seldom ventured far from home. One was the great man, or grand seigneur of the village; not that he enjoyed any legal privileges or power there, every thing of the kind having been done away when the province was ceded by France to the U. States. His sway over his neighbors was merely one of custom and conviction, out of deference to his family. Besides, he was worth full fifty

thousand dollars, in amount almost equal, to the implication of the villagers, to the treasure of King Solomon.

Thiery, a substantial old gentleman, though of the fourth or fifth generation in this country, retained the true Galic swamp of feature and peculiarity of deportment, and reminded me of one of those provincial potentates, the important man of a petty arrondissement, that are to be met with in the remote parts of France.—He was of a large frame, a gingerbread complexion, strong features, eyes that stood out like glass knobs, and a prominent nose, which he frequently regaled from a gold snuff box, and occasionally blew with a colored handkerchief, until it sounded like a trumpet.

He was attended by an old negro as black as ebony, with a huge mouth, in a continual grin. This evidently was a privileged and favorite servant, and one that had grown up and grown old with him. He was dressed in creole style—with white jacket and trousers, a stiff collar that threatened to cut off his ears, a bright madras handkerchief tied round his head, and large gold ear rings. He was the politer negro I met with in a wide western tour; and that is saying a great deal, for, excepting the Indians, the negroes are the most gentlemanlike personages one meets with in those parts. It is true, they differ from the Indians in being a little extra polite and complimentary. He was also one of the merriest; and here, too, the negroes, however we may deplore their unhappy condition, have the advantages of their masters. The whites are, in general, too prosperous to be merry. The cares of maintaining their rights and liberties, and of adding to their wealth, engross all their thoughts, and dry up all the moisture of their souls. If you hear a broad, hearty, devil-may-care laugh, be assured it is a negro's.

Besides this African domestic, the seigneur of the village had another no less cherished and privileged attendant. This was a huge dog of the mastiff breed, with a deep hanging mouth, that gave an air of surly gravity to his physiognomy. He walked about the cabin with the air of a dog perfectly at home, and who had paid for his passage. At dinner time he took his seat behind his master, giving him a glance now and then out of the corner of his eye, that bespoke perfect confidence that he would not be forgotten. Nor was he—every now and then a huge morsel would be thrown to him, peradventure the half picked leg of a fowl, which he would receive with a snap that would sound like the springing of a steel trap—one gulp and all was down; and a glance of the eye told his master that he was ready for another consignment.

The other village worthy, travelling in company with this seigneur, was of a totally different stamp. He was small, thin, and weathered, such as Frenchmen are apt to be represented in caricature, with a bright squirrel-like eye, and a gold ring in his ear. His dress was flimsy, and sat loosely on his frame, and he had altogether the look of one with but little coin in his pocket. Yet, though one of the poorest, I was assured he was one of the native village most popular personages in the neighborhood.

Comper Martin, as he was commonly called, was the factotum of the place—sportsman, schoolmaster, and land surveyor. He could sing, dance, and above all, play on the fiddle, an invaluable accomplishment in one of these old French creole villages, for the inhabitants have a hereditary love for balls and fetes; if they work but little, they dance a great deal, and a fiddle is the joy of their hearts.

What had sent Comper Martin travelling with the grand seigneur I could not learn; he evidently looked up to him with great deference, and was assiduous in rendering him petty attentions; from which I concluded that he lived at home upon the crumbs which fell from his table. He was gayest when out of his sight, and had his long and his joke when forward among the dock passengers; but altho' Comper Martin was out of his element on board of a steamboat, he was quite another being, I am told, when at home in his own village.

Like his potent fellow-traveller, he too had his canine follower and retainer—and one suited to his different feelings—one of the civilised, homely, most unoffending little dogs in the world. Unlike the lordly mastiff, he seemed to think he had no right on board of the steamboat! If you did not look hard at him, he would throw himself upon his back, and lift up his legs as if imploring mercy.

At table, he took his seat at a little distance from his master; not with the bluff confidence of the mastiff, but quietly and diffidently; his head on one side with an ear dubiously slouched, the other hopefully cocked up; his under teeth projecting beyond his black nose, and his eye wistfully following each morsel that went into his master's mouth.

If Comper Martin now and then should venture to abstract a morsel from his plate, to give to his humble companion, it was edifying to see with what diffidence the exemplary little animal would take hold of it, with the very tip of his teeth, as if he would almost rather not, or was fearful of taking too great a liberty. And then with a look of awe would he to think how many efforts would he make in swallowing it, as if it stuck in his throat; with what dauntiness would he lick his lips; and then with what an air of thankfulness would he resume his seat, with his teeth once more projecting beyond his nose, and an eye of humble expectation fixed upon his master.

It was late in the afternoon when the steamboat stopped at the village which was the residence of my fellow-voyagers. It stood on the high bank of the river, and bore traces of having been a frontier trading post. There were the remains of the stockades that once protected it from the Indians, and the houses were in the ancient Spanish and French colonial taste, the place having been successively under the domination of both those nations prior to the cession of Louisiana to the United States. The arrival of the seigneur of fifty thousand dollars and his humble companion, Comper Martin, had evidently been looked forward to as an event in the village. Numbers of men, women, and children, white, yellow and black, were collected on the river bank; most of them clad in old fashioned French garments, and their heads decorated with colored handkerchiefs, or white night caps. The moment the steamboat came within sight and hearing, there commenced a waving of handkerchiefs, and a screaming and tawling of greetings, and salutations, and felicitations that baffled all description.

The old gentleman of fifty thousand was received by a train of relatives, and friends, and children, and grandchildren, whom he

kissed on each cheek, and who formed a procession in his rear, with a legion of domestics of all ages, following him to a large, old fashioned French house, that dominated over the village.

His black valet-de-chambre, in white jacket and trousers, and gold ear rings, was met on the shore by a boon, though rustic companion, a tall negro fellow, with a long, good humored horse face, which stood out in strong relief from beneath a narrow rimmed straw hat, stuck on the back of his head. The explosions of laughter of these two varlets on first meeting with each other and exchanging compliments, were enough to electrify the whole country round.

The most hearty reception, however, was that given to Comper Martin. Every body, young and old, hailed him before he got to land. Every body had a joke for Comper Martin, and Comper Martin had a joke for everybody. Soon his little dog appeared, to partake of his popularity, and he carried every hand. Indeed he was quite a different animal the moment he touched the land.—Here he was at home—here he was of consequence. He barked, he leapt, he frisked about his old friends, and then would skim round the place in a circle as if mad.

I traced Comper Martin and his little dog to their home. It was an old ruinous Spanish house, of large dimensions, with verandas overshadowed by ancient elms. The house had probably been the residence, in old times, of the Spanish commandant. In one wing of the crazy, but aristocratic abode was nestled the family of my fellow traveller; for poor devils are apt to be magnificently clad and lodged in the east of clothes, and abandoned palaces, of the great and wealthy.

The arrival of Comper Martin was welcomed by a legion of women, children, and men, all of whom were poor and gay, and generally go hand in hand among the French and their descendants, the crazy mansion soon resounded with loud gossip and light-hearted laughter.

As the steamboat paused a short time at the village, I took occasion to stroll about the place. Most of the houses were in the French taste, with casements and rickety verandas, but most of them in flimsy and ruinous condition. All the wagons, ploughs, and other utensils were of ancient and inconvenient Galic construction, such as had been brought from France in the primitive days of the colony. The very looks of the people reminded me of the villages of France.

As I passed by one of the houses, the hum of a spinning wheel came issuing forth, accompanied by a scrap of a song, which a girl sang as she sat at her labor. It was an old French chanson that I have heard many a time among the peasantry of Languedoc; and the sound of it brought many a bright and happy scene to my remembrance. It was doubtless an old traditional song, brought over by the French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

Half a dozen young lasses emerged from the adjacent dwellings, reminding me by their dress and air of the French girls, who sing as they sit at their labor. It was an old French chanson that I have heard many a time among the peasantry of Languedoc; and the sound of it brought many a bright and happy scene to my remembrance. It was doubtless an old traditional song, brought over by the French emigrants, and handed down from generation to generation.

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As we swept away from the shore, I cast back a wistful eye upon the moss-grown roofs, and ancient elms of the village, and prayed that the inhabitants might long retain their happy ignorance, their absence of all enterprise and improvement, their respect for the fiddle, and their contempt for the almighty dollar. I fear, however, my prayer is doomed to be of no avail. In a little time the steamboat whirled me to an American town, just springing into prosperous and bustling existence.

The surrounding forest had been laid out in town lots; frames of wooden buildings were rising from among stumps and burnt trees.—The place already boasted a court house, a jail, and two banks, all built of pine boards, on the model of Grecian temples. There were rival hotels, rival churches, and rival newspapers, together with the usual quantity of judges and generals, and governors; not to speak of doctors by the dozen, and lawyers by the score.

The place I was told, was in an astonishing career of improvement, with a canal and two rail roads in embryo. Lots doubled in price every week, every body was speculating in land; everybody was rich, and everybody was growing richer. The community, however, was torn to pieces by new doctrines in religion and in political economy; there were camp meetings, and agrarian meetings; and an election was at hand, which it was expected, would throw the whole community into paroxysms.

Alas! with such an enterprising neighbor, what is to become of the poor little Creole village.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Welcome to me the close Of weary laboring hours, My spirit seeks its best repose In high and sacred bowers.

I go, thrice welcome eve, Where thy lustre leads; The fields of nether earth I leave, To roam through heavenly meads.

A sun must rise and sink, Another sun must rise, Ere I shall leave heaven's higher brink, Called downward from the skies.

Hail! lovely evening, Most like that time begun, When thou forever laid aside, Life's long week shall be done.

New-York Evangelist.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

BY W. C. BAYARD.

Here halt we our march, and pitch our tent, On the rugged forest ground, And light our fire with the branches rent By the winds from the beeches round. Wild storms have torn this ancient wood, But a wider is at hand, With hail of iron and rain of blood, To sweep and scathe the land.

How the dark waste rings with voices shrill, That startle the sleeping bird! To-morrow eve must the voice be still, And the step must fall unheard. The Briton lies by the blue Champlain, In Ticonderoga's towers, And ere the sun rise twice again, The towers and the lake are ours!

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides Where the fire-flies light the brake; A ruddier juice the Briton hides In his fortress by the lake. Build high the fire, till the panther lesp From his lofty perch in fright, And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep, For the deeds of to-morrow night.

N. Y. Mirror.

The man "who drank up his Family Bible."—There is now living in the city of Annapolis a man named Stephen Rummels, about 54 years of age. He was a drunkard for four years, during which period he never went to bed sober when he could get any thing to drink—nor did he ever go to a place of worship, though prior to his falling to drink he was a professor of religion. His family frequently suffered for the necessities of life. Often, said he, on my return home at night, I have met my wife crying at the door. For five years he has been a reformed man. Prior to his reformation he was a mere wreck. His limbs were swollen, his hands were tremulous, and he could hardly hold a glass of water—and his mental powers were considerably weakened. "Now," said he, "I feel well—I can eat hearty—sleep soundly—am ten years younger—have money to go to market with, and am never without a dollar in my pocket." During his drunken career, one thing went after another, and finally he "drank up his family Bible" which cost him \$10. But since his reformation he has bought back that precious book which he had sold for naught; and from the savings of temperance he has been enabled to give ten dollars to a new brick church now building for the colored people of Annapolis. In addition to which he has taught a colored Sabbath school, and collected for the above church \$49.91.

"Five years ago," said he, "I was a degraded drunkard, and deserved to be sent to hell—now I am a member of the Christian church and an exhorter—and what is more, I have obtained a good report of all that know me. I believe I have the confidence of the good people of Annapolis, and ladies, drunkards and blackguards." Since his reformation, he has acted on the principle of total abstinence, which he considers the only safe ground for any man who has been intemperate. "I have not even taken so much as a glass of small beer," said he, "though I do not know that that would intoxicate me."

"When you made up your mind to quit drinking, did you stop suddenly?" "I was advised to taper off, but I determined to stop at once, if it cost me my life."

"Did you experience any inconvenience from such a course?"

"None at all—my mental powers began to strengthen immediately, and my health to improve. I had attempted to taper off, I fear I should have tapered on more deeply than ever, and from the shattered condition of my health, I believe I should not have stood it six months longer."

"How was your appetite before you quit?"

"Very poor; I had to drink four five glasses before I could get any thing to stay on my stomach."

"How were your spirits?"

"Dreadful bad—I was as miserable as any man could be, to be out of hell."

"Did you feel as if you were degraded and an outcast from society?"

"Yes, I felt all that degradation, woe, and misery, which, as true as his shadow in the midday sun, are the constant attendants of the drunkard. I doubted whether I should ever regain the confidence which I had forfeited. For four months after I quit drinking, I had not the heart to go to a place of worship. I did not feel worthy to appear among decent people, but was like the poor publican who stood afar off, and smote upon his breast, and said God be merciful to me a sinner."

"Have you had any temptations to return to your former habits?"

"None at all since I came to the determination contained in those two words—'Taste Not.' It has saved me, and will save every poor drunkard in the land. I will risk my life on it if they will try it." And with increased animation he exclaimed, "I consider the temperance cause second only to the Bible itself. I rejoice in its success—stop its operations, and in vain may the ministers of the gospel preach; as long as the practice of moderate drinking prevails, drunkenness will abound in the land. I have often said to the moderate drinker—'Your example does more harm than that of the drunkard himself.' Thanks be to God who hath given me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The above particulars I obtained in a conversation with S. R. himself, in my late visit to Annapolis. He is a living example of the influence of temperance principles, and the power of divine grace—to bring the "dead to life, and save that which was lost." Let us not then give up, as beyond hope, the poor drunkards of the land, but in the spirit of philanthropy and Christian kindness urge them to try the principle of total abstinence, which will save them as certainly as it did the man who drank up his family Bible, but afterwards redeemed it again.

DORSEY.